

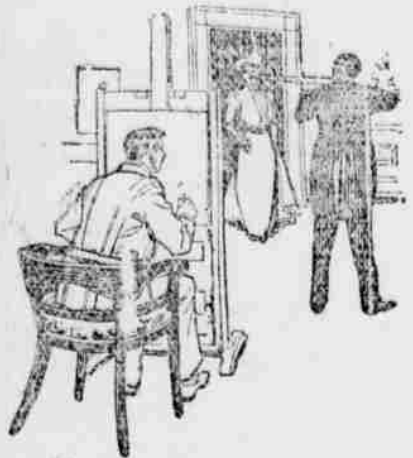
A PAIR OF MODEL LOVERS.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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Horace Lorrimer, the illustrator, has a studio on the top floor of the Rogers building. I go up there frequently because I like him and the view from his studio windows.

He nearly always gets me to pose for him. Posing is hard work. If I ever lose the property which my ancestors were kind enough to amuse, I shall not turn to posing for a living. It's wonderful how tired one gets standing or even sitting perfectly still for half an hour. But Lorrimer has played on my vanity. He has told me that I can hold a pose longer than any one else; that I'm a Hercules for standing on one foot in the attitude of a man going up stairs with no stairs to go up.



I WAS A YANKEE SHOOTING A SPANIARD.

and in that way he has encouraged me until I'm likely to lame myself for life if I don't stop going to his place.

One day it was a war picture that he was making. I was a Yankee shooting a Spaniard. When I began to pose, the gun Lorrimer gave me was just an ordinary rifle. Half an hour later it was a 13 inch cannon, to judge by the weight.

Just as I was on the verge of collapse the prettiest girl in the world walked into the studio. That's the only way to describe her. My heart didn't beat for ten minutes after she came in. But Lorrimer—well, you know him. He merely nodded his head toward a chair on the other side of the room and went right on with his job.

The girl seemed to be used to that kind of reception. She walked, or glided, or floated, or whatever word is good enough to describe such a carriage as she has, over to the chair that he had indicated and sat down in it.

Lorrimer had posed me in such a way that I was pointing the gun exactly at the girl's head. She didn't seem to mind it much, but it was altogether too thrilling for me, and I gently shifted my aim.

"Don't move! Don't move!" yelled Lorrimer. "Get back to your pose or you'll ruin everything."

I didn't want to spoil his picture, so I hastily resumed my position. Then the girl started to move her chair, but Lorrimer called out:

"Keep still, Alice! You bother me."

And she subsided. This interesting situation lasted for about ten minutes, and then Lorrimer said "All right!"—as if he had been a hypnotist and I his subject—and he jumped up and went across the room to shake hands with the girl.

"Splendid model!" I heard her whisper. "Who is he?"

"His name's Williams," Lorrimer replied. "Shall I introduce him?"

She laughed and said "Certainly," and Lorrimer galloped through the form of an introduction. I was pretty warm by that time. In this democratic land professional models may be as good as anybody else, but I didn't care to be mistaken for one. It was especially painful that the error should be made by a member of the profession who ought to know the trademark.

Perhaps I might have scorned her judgment if she had not been so atrociously pretty and so well got up. If I had not recognized her as the original of many female figures in Lorrimer's pictures, I might have thought her an acquaintance of his in high society, despite her free and easy way of wandering into a gentleman's studio and the brusque treatment accorded her.

In conversation she was as sweet as she could be. She talked about art with that superficial familiarity that people get who frequent studios, yet I could see that she had considerable appreciation of what was really good.

When she mentioned posing, of course she gave the idea that she did it for amusement and because art is oughtn't to be art if it didn't, whereas I did it for a living and, being a professional, could doubtless teach her a great many things.

Lorrimer was laughing himself with delight. He is a practical joker who spends as nothing. He'd let himself be shot alive for the sake of getting a laugh on the sexton. The way in which he treated me as if I were worth 50 cents an hour and no more was beautiful to see.

I fell in with him to the best of my ability. If the girl couldn't tell the difference between me and a professional model, I would not point it out to her. It struck me that she might feel worse about it if she found out

her mistake at a later day. Meanwhile I treated her with the deference appropriate to my humble station, and let her remark right here in parenthesis that no deference I could show to her if I were the sole ruler of the universe would be more than her due.

However, I could not help cherishing a petty resentment against her for the estimate she had made of me, and so I was willing to let the little joke run on. There was good sport for a few minutes, and then I positively had to leave.

I knew that I should meet Alice—I hadn't caught her last name—again in Lorrimer's studio, and, as a matter of fact, she was there the very next time I called.

That day Lorrimer got us to pose together for a society picture, something sweet and sentimental. I had the pleasure during almost an hour of gazing into the softest brown eyes in the world, while I maintained a lovely attitude that nearly broke my neck.

That evening Carleton King came round to see me at my rooms, and from him I learned some facts about Lorrimer's model. Alice Gray was her name, and she was well liked in all the studios because she posed so well for society stuff.

She had three swell dresses that were her business capital, and by means of them and the personal charm that gave them grace she earned from \$7 to \$10 a week. And she had to take care of a little sister who was an invalid.

I reflected quite seriously upon this information, and the more I reflected the less easily could I reconcile my deception practiced upon such a girl with my idea of gentlemanly conduct. However, I couldn't bring myself to tell her who I was, for I was afraid she would treat me differently if I did, and I was more than satisfied with the situation exactly as it was.

We met frequently at Lorrimer's studio. Indeed we posed for all the figures in that long series of illustrations that he made for Benton's "Lives" interminable magazine serial. In half a dozen sets of characters she was the loved and I the lover.

I was on my knees before her until I wore a hole in Lorrimer's hard pine floor. I posed with my arm around her. I kissed her hand. I was accepted with maidenly reserve. I was rejected with scorn. In fact, I passed one half my time pretending to be in love with her and the other half trying not to be, for it really wouldn't do, you know. I was fully aware of that.

"Williams," said Lorrimer to me one day, "you make a great lover. You look the part."

And Alice laughed and said I was the most realistic man in that capacity that she had ever met.

I had made up my mind that the thing had gone far enough. Without allowing myself to be an idiot about it I couldn't help noticing that Alice was becoming interested in me. I couldn't let that go on.

Then there was another aspect of the case. I wanted to help her. I learned from King that the poor little sister was worse, that she needed everything that the rich can have and others can't, and that there had been some talk of a subscription among the artists. Now, of course I could have fixed that whole matter, and my pocket would never have known the difference, but I couldn't do it in the character of a 50 cents an hour model.

I had decided just how and when I should tell her all about it, and then, of course, I did it exactly as I wouldn't have planned to do. We had left the studio together and were walking up Broadway—Broadway, of all places for



"WAIT FOR ME HERE. I'LL COME BACK!"

such a scene! She said that she must hurry home, and I saw a pained look in her face.

"Alice," said I, "there's a secret I must tell you, and now's the time. This begins like a scene in a melodrama, but don't you laugh. I've been selling under false colors, and I want to hold the true ones. I'm not a model. I can't lay claim to that or any other honest trade. I'm merely a rich fellow, with nothing to do and no disposition to do anything even if I had it. I'm the son and heir of the Williams' Iron Works and the Troquois Loan and Trust

company. Do you see that bank right across the street? We happened to be opposite the Ninth National. Well, that bank would cash my check for a minute."

Naturally when I spoke of the bank her eyes turned in that direction. Instantly she interrupted me with a sharp cry.

"Wait!" she exclaimed. "Wait for me here! I'll come back!"

And she darted across the street regardless of cars and lower commercial suggestions. I disappeared in the Ninth National bank building, and a moment later, regardless of her request, I rushed after her.

The situation was too much for me. It looked as if the girl had gone across to inquire what my balance was, which you will admit would have been a very unusual proceeding. I could not find her in the bank, and the king of the elevators in the main hall said that he had seen no one answering that description. After a fruitless search I returned to the spot where we had parted, regretting deeply my folly in ever having left it. Alice did not appear.

On reaching my home in the Bellvue apartments late that afternoon the hallway handed me a letter that had been addressed to me there "In care of the janitor." The envelope bore the name of the Brayton Car Wheel company, and the letter within merely requested John Williams to call at the office on a matter that might prove to be considerably to his advantage.

I knew Charley Brayton of that company very slightly, but had never met his father, who is the head of the firm. I judged that young Brayton had dictated a note to me about some club matter and that a stupid secretary had mailed it with some other.

Being down town the next day, I called at the Brayton company's office. Charley was not in, but the old gentleman was just passing by as I gave my name to the boy at the rail.

"Williams?" Williams?" said he. "Oh, yes; let him come in."

I followed the pompous old fellow into his office. He seated himself and looked upon me through powerful glasses, which, however, appeared not to quite remedy the defects of his vision.

"Williams," said he, "I have been informed by a person in whose opinion I have the greatest confidence, that you are a very worthy fellow."

"Don't you ever have confidence in that person's opinion again," said I. "He's off his base."

The old man's jaw dropped.

"Mere likely perhaps he was referring to somebody else," I continued. "I am Jack Williams, banker, and any clubman in town will tell you that I'm no good at any honest work, for I



SHE CHECKED HERSELF SUDDENLY AT SIGHT OF ME.

take it, my dear sir, from your manner, that under some strange misapprehension you were about to offer me a job."

"Well—that is—Mr. Williams," he stammered, "to be perfectly frank with you, my daughter, who sometimes visits the studio of her cousin, Mr. Horace Lorrimer, told me that you were earning a precarious living as an artist's model and that she believed you capable of better things."

"May I ask, Mr. Brayton, if you have seen your daughter since yesterday?"

"No, sir; no, sir; I have not. I spent the night out of town. I am told by a young man who was here a few minutes ago that my daughter narrowly missed me yesterday afternoon at the Ninth National bank. She saw me from across the street or something of that sort. I don't fancy it could have related to this matter."

"But it did," said I. "Miss Brayton had just been informed that I did not need work, and she wanted to tell you about it in a hurry, knowing that otherwise she mightn't see you till today."

At that moment Alice herself burst into the office. She checked herself suddenly at sight of me and stood there looking from one to the other of us.

"Well, I hope you and father have had a good time," said she at last.

"We haven't quarreled yet," said I. "He's offered me a job, but it isn't the one I want."

"What's that?"

"I want him to engage me as a soul-in-law."

She looked at the second button of my waistcoat for about a quarter of a minute and then up into my face again. "I have already recommended you highly for any position," she said.

So that was all settled, and nothing remained but to square accounts with Lorrimer and his assistant Mr. Carleton King.

Conceive, "Papa," said Tommy Northside, who had been reading news from the Atlantic shore, "what kind of a stunner is a canoe like stunner?"

"A stunner like enough to keep off the rocks along the coast," replied Mr. Northside. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A LUNATIC'S IMITATION.

It Lacked Finish and Got Himself and a Thief Into Trouble.

A Paris correspondent tells an interesting story of how a shop thief was captured recently at the Bon Marche by circumstances that in all probability are unique. One of the private detectives in the pay of the establishment noticed a man who, with the most barefaced effrontery, was appropriating articles of every description. The individual indeed seemed to make little or no attempt to keep his operations secret. He simply walked from counter to counter and filled his pockets with whatever attracted his fancy.

In spite of the strangeness of the man's proceedings there was nothing to be done but to have him arrested, and he was given into custody. His indignation was extreme. He protested that it was most unjust that he should be interfered with in this way when other people who were behaving in exactly the same manner were left unmolested, and he pointed to a stout gentleman of most respectable appearance who he asserted had been laying his hands on all sorts of goods without resorting to the formality of paying for them.

The policeman to whom he had been given in charge had been accustomed to listening to unconvincing explanations and took his prisoner to the station. A few minutes later the stout gentleman, also in the care of a policeman, arrived at the same destination. The detective, whose curiosity had been aroused, had watched the personage and had found it to be true that he was perpetrating theft after theft with the utmost dexterity.

After a short investigation he was recognized to be an expert and notorious shoplifter, whereas the prisoner first arrested proved to be a lunatic but recently discharged from an asylum, whose mania took the form of imitating any person who might happen to strike him. The professional thief was beside himself with rage at what he described as the bad luck of getting into trouble through the vagaries of a madman.

GLASS BULB BOMBS.

Scared the Man Who Used Them, but Vanquished the Burglar.

"Of all the outlandish weapons ever employed in a fight," said a business man of the south side, "I think I brought the most fantastic on record into play one night last week. My family is away on a visit at present, and I am keeping bachelor hall out at the house. On the night to which I refer I was aroused at about 3 a. m. by a noise somewhere in the region of the dining room, and, thinking I had shut up the dog there, I jumped up very foolishly and came down stairs in my nightclothes without so much as a pocketknife.

"When I opened the dining room door, I was startled to see a big, rough looking man bending over the sideboard at the far end of the room, and after we had stood there on tableau for a moment the fellow made a rush at me. I leaped back into the hall and played around for a weapon. On a table near by were a dozen incandescent light bulbs, which I had brought home to replace some that had burned out, and purely by instinct I grabbed one of them and threw it at the burglar. It hit the door casing close to his head and, to my amazement, exploded with a noise like a young typhoid shell.

"I suppose it was a still greater surprise to the other fellow, for he let out a yell and broke for the rear, followed by a rapid fire bombardment of 10 candle power incandescents, which I continued to chuck at him as long as he remained in range. They smashed against the furniture with a series of crashes that alarmed the whole neighborhood, and I have been gathering up fragments of broken glass ever since.

"The burglar must have thought I was chasing him with hand grenades. It was the first time I ever knew incandescents made such a row when they broke. An electrician tells me it is caused by the air rushing into the vacuum."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Useless Half Dime.

"It isn't safe to start out without a pocketful of pennies any more," remarked a member of the house the other day. "Yet I can remember that when I came down into this section of the country in army blue in 1863 a 5 cent piece was very small potatoes. We were camped awhile out there in Virginia, and my headquarters were in the big plantation home. A son of the house and myself became good friends, although he was 5 and I nearly 35. One day in lieu of the candy which I had forgotten to bring him from the nearby town I gave him a silver half dime. I had forgotten all about the incident, when some two weeks later he came into my room and, opening his hand, held out to me on his little pink palm the silver piece I had given him. 'Heh, Mr. Captain, you can have it back,' he said plaintively. 'It won't buy nuffin.'"—Washington Star.

Raskin's Generosity.

The late John Raskin gave away a great deal of money during his life. Many years his annual income from his pen alone was \$50,000, but he lived on less than a tenth of that amount. Indeed, he used to say that a gentleman ought to be able to live on \$5 a day. If he could not, he deserved speedily to die.

A Way Out of It.

"A pretty lot of children you are for a minister to have!" exclaimed a West Side pastor whose children were his bachelors at the dinner table. "Then why don't you change your business, papa?" asked 4-year-old Nellie. —Chicago News.

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